

THE BOURBON NEWS

(Nineteenth Year—Established 1881.)

Published every Tuesday and Friday by
WALTER CHAMP, Editor and Owner.
SWIFT CHAMP, Editor and Owner.

HIS HANDICAP.

He wooed her when they both were poor,
"Was then he won her, too;
She cheered him when the days were drear
and tolled to help him through;
She taught him things from books that he
had failed to learn in youth.
She got him to avoid the use of words that
were uncouth;
She took her jewel in the rough, she pol-
ished day by day.
And with a woman's patience ground the
worthless parts away.

She turned him from a stupid clown to one
whose men were proud.
She planted in his heart the wish to rise
above the crowd;
She planned the things he undertook, she
urged him on to try.
She gave him confidence to look for splen-
did things and high;
She bore the children that he loved, and
told for them and him.
And often knelt beside her bed with aching
eyes and dim.

She cheered him when the days were dark,
and when the skies were bright.
She saw him rise above the crowd and
reach a noble height;
Her brow is marred by many a line, she's
bent and wan and old.
He has a bearing that is fine, a form of
noble mold.
And people say: "Poor man, alas! He's
grown beyond his wife;
How sad that such a load should be at-
tached to him for life!"
—Chicago Times-Herald.

Of Course He Could Swim

The Stereopticon Man Convinces the
Gas Man of It.

"YES," said the stereopticon man,
"I can swim."
"Like a brick?" asked the gas man.
"Not on your miniature," returned
the stereopticon man. "I learned in
the fall, just before the water got
cold."

"Say," said the gas man, sternly,
"ain't I seen you at Coney Island
every summer for four years, w'en you
couldn't swim no further than a
bullet in a beer bottle? Say, if you
want to lie, why don't you lie like
a liar? I'm weary of your life, I am.
That's right!"

"Say," said the stereopticon man,
"did you see me at Coney Island last
summer? I guess not!"

"That's right," admitted the gas
man, "I didn't. You was in Ohio last
summer. Least you says you was."
"That's right, I was in Ohio. I was
down two-week stands with a movin'
picture machine, 'an a string of pat-
ent medicine ads, 'an there's where
the thing happened 'at made me learn
to swim."

"Sheriff chase you into the river?"
sneered the gas man.

"It wasn't the sheriff," the stereop-
ticon man went on, patiently. "The
sheriff don't live 'at could scare me
like I was scared then. It was in
Toledo," said the stereopticon man,
"where all the men wear their pants
short, so's to keep 'em up, outer the
dust. I had a fine stand on Summit
street, 'an was a showin' fight pic-
tures to big crowds every night. But
course I was loafin' days, 'an one day
I walks out along a crack in the
ground then Ohio gazabos calls a
river. They call it the Maumee river.
Well, I walks along in the sun, till I
feels pretty dusty myself, 'an then I
lays down under a big maple tree, 'an
watches the traffic up 'an down the
crack in the ground, 'an the clouds
doin' hard-walks up in the sky, 'an
the grass wavin' 'an the leaves rustlin' 'an
sporry lookin' sparrers scrapin' over
a worm. I falls asleep 'an dreams I'm
barkin' for a snake-shop on the Bow-
ery, 'an I must 'a slept a long time,
'cause it was five o'clock when I woke
up, and the sun was come in under
the maple tree and burnt the skin off
my nose, so I looked like a pickled
beet on a free-lunch counter."

"Well, the show wasn't opened be-
fore half-past eight o'clock, so I just
looks around to see what's in sight.
But there wasn't much, only a cow
that had broke into a timothy field
'an a couple of crows sittin' on a
fence. But just then, I looks a little
way up the crack and there's a boy
fishin' off the end of an old scow. Well,
I climbs along till I comes to my
boy, 'an then gets on the scow."

"How's luck?"

"Tain't worth a hurrah," says the
boy.

"What you caught?" says I.
"Not a dod-binged thing," says the
boy, "an I bin here all day."

"Well," says I, "your language is
pretty strong for a boy," says I.

"Y' other hear dad," says the boy,
"an he puts a new green grasshopper
on his hook, 'an goes on fishin' 'thout
sayin' another word. That's the
kinder kids they raise out west, in
Ohio."

"But he was a poor-lookin' boy, 'an
he had a lath instead of a fishin' rod. He
was settin' on the stern of the scow,
with his legs hangin' over. The bow
was high 'an dry, but where the bow
was the water looked 'bout 40 feet
deep. It was black lookin' water, and
you couldn't see an inch in under it.
But the boy don't get a nibble, so I
gets tired watchin' 'an I says to the
boy:

"Gimme the line. I'll show you
how t' ketch fish," I says."

"An' did he give ye the line?" asked
the gas man.

"Cert," said the stereopticon man.
"Why wouldn't he?"

"Say, you're a cold bluff!" said the
gas man. "Say if there was a fish 'at
was old, 'an easy, 'an starvin' t' death,
'an ready to commit suicide, you
wouldn't know how to catch 'em. An'
the boy give you the line?"

"Sure, An' I hadn't no sooner let
in the hook than I ketches a fish."

"Aw, say," said the gas man, "that

smart boy fishes all day, and don't
ketch nothing, 'an' you drop in his
line 'an' ketches a fish right off the
bat. Aw, say, you make me sick.
Why don't you lie like you knew the
business?"

"That's right," said the stereopticon
man. "The boy didn't just want to
gimme the line, but he give it t' me
just to change his luck, and see if
I could ketch a fish, 'an' I ketches one
right away."

"Big fish, I s'pose?" sneered the gas
man.

"Well," said the stereopticon man,
diffidently, "it wasn't a big fish. But
it was a fish all right, all right. I
didn't contract with the boy to ketch
no shark."

"'Bout four inches long, I s'pose?"
said the gas man, with another sneer.

"Well, p'raps, 'bout four inches.
But it was a fish."

"Aw, fish!" exclaimed the gas man.
"Tell a fish story 'bout a fish four
inches long! Why couldn't you say
four feet? Say, you'd drive a man
to drink wood alcohol. A fish story
—'bout a fish four inches long!"

"This story ain't 'bout a fish," said
the stereopticon man. "It's 'bout
swimmin'!"

"Aw, g'wan!"

"Well, I don't mind sayin'," admit-
ted the stereopticon man, "that I
was pretty much s'prised myself at
ketchin' this fish, for I never was no
fisherman."

"Course you wasn't," said the gas
man. "You wasn't never nothin' but
a cold bluff—a four-inch bluff."

"I never was no fisherman," contin-
ued the stereopticon man. "In fact,
I hadn't never caught a fish. So, you
bet, I was pretty cheery 'bout ketch-
in' this one."

"Four inches!" jibed the gas man.
"Well, he was a fish," said the stere-
opticon man. "An' I guess a fish is a
fish if he ain't no inch long. And,
anyhow, I was up on myself,
'cause I got a fish hot off the bat,
when this here kid, what had been
fishin' all day, couldn't ketch none. So
I makes the kid put on a new
grasshopper, 'an I gets ready to ketch
another."

"Well, as I says, I was feelin' pretty
cheery, 'an' up on myself, 'long of
ketchin' this fish, so I waves the lath
around my head and shouts: 'See
me get another?'"

"An' then, somehow, with the swing
of the lath I loses me balance 'an' goes
hoofs over elbows, kerplunk! into the
Maumee river."

"Haw! haw! haw! haw! haw!
wow-w-w-w!" roared the gas man.
"That's great! G'wan!"

"Well, sir, I went in with a splash
like a bar'l of salt droppin' into the
North river. I could feel the dirty
water runnin' into me mouth 'an' ears,
'an' my heart went bang like a cannon,
'cause I couldn't swim a stroke. An'
I guess the water looked 40 feet deep.
Well, sir, for a second I didn't know
whether I was alive or dead, 'an' then
when I come to my senses I found
myself hangin' to the side of the
scow. There was a little square bit
of plank bolted onto the side—a
patch, I guess—an' I had caught it
with the fingers of both hands. Say,
wasn't that awful?"

"Why didn't you call the boy?"
asked the gas man, coldly.

"Say, what sort of a lobster are you,
anyway?" asked the stereopticon man,
a little impatiently. "Say, you must
be off your dot. What could that boy
do? He couldn't no more pull me
out than a baby couldn't raise a spile
driver. But there was a little punt
chained close by 'an' I shouts to the
kid:

"Boy, for the love of heaven, git
into that punt and shove her over."
"Aw, swim out," says the boy, 'an'
bring my fish line."

"Haw, haw, haw, haw, wow-
w-w-w-w!" screamed the gas man.
"That boy was a peach."

A dangerous look crept into the
stereopticon man's eyes, but he went
on patiently:

"I can't swim," says I.
"Then I guess I'll lose my fishline,"
says the boy. "I can't swim, neither,
he says."

"My boy, can't you see I'm drown-
in'?" I shouts. "Shove over the boat
and help me."

"Well, the boy bundles into the boat
and shoves it over, but it's no use. He
don't come within six feet of me."

"I thinks I'm a dead 'un for fair,
'an' then I sees a pair of new suspend-
ers on the kid 'an' I shouts:

"Boy, for the love of heaven, tie
them suspenders round my wrists 'an'
make 'em fast to the scow."

"But the kid only looks mad. 'Say,'
he says, 'that's a pretty smoky notion.
Them's my new galluses!'"

"Haw, haw, haw, wow-w-w-w!"
laughed the gas man. "Wasn't that kid
smooth?" and the light in the stere-
opticon man's eyes grew deeper, but
he went on:

"Then find a bit of rope, I shouts.
'There's a piece there, 'an' I'm cryin'
with fear."

"Where?" says the boy. I showed
him where an old rope's end was hang-
ing and he went to get it. I could feel
my hands growing weaker and I lets
go a groan.

"Hurry, boy, hurry!" says I.
"I watches him climbin' toward the
rope 'an' then all of a sudden he stops
and looks ashore."

"Is some one comin'?" I shouts.
"Naw," says the boy. "It's the cow's
got into the timothy."

"I remembered seein' the cow in the
timothy an hour before 'an' I wished
I'd turned it out. But I only shouted
to the boy."

"Hurry with the rope, I shouts, 'or
I'll drown."

"Guess you'll have to wait awhile,"
he says. "I've got to turn the cow
out'n the timothy."

"Oh, hang the timothy," I screams.
"That settles it," says the boy.
"That's dad's timothy. Now you swim
out!"

"He ran up to the bank 'an' me callin'
better than the editor."

and screamin' and beggin' him not to
let me die, 'an' I could hear the cow's
bell janglin' as the boy chased her
away. Say, wasn't that awful?"

"Haw, haw, haw!" laughed the gas
man. "Say, that's the funniest I ever
stacked up agin. Say, I'd give a thou-
sand bills to see you hangin' there,
and howlin' like a hyena. Say, I'd like
to meet that boy and blow him off
to somethin' just once."

The stereopticon man smiled, too.
His smile was menacing, but the gas
man didn't notice it. "G'wan," he said.

"Well, sir, I hung there 'an' heard the
cowbell growin' fainter and fainter,
as the boy chased the cow further 'an'
further away, 'an' I wondered what
the bad place would be like, and if
there was any chance of Heaven. An'
I tried to count up all the decent things
I'd ever done, and see if they'd balance
some of the crooked things. An' I won-
dered how deep the water was, and
what the bottom was like, and if there
were leeches down there, 'cause I knew
that leeches'll suck a drown'd man's
blood. An' I thought about the stere-
opticon, and the show that was due
at half-past eight, and how the peo-
ple'd be s'prised when I didn't show
up. An' I thought of about a million
other things. An' all the time I was
whoopin' and howlin' like the whistle
on a sea tug."

"But by that time I was about givin'
out. I was gettin' weak, 'an' there
was queer things floatin' in front of
my lamps, 'an' my fingers was numb,
'an' the cowbell was still clangin' a long
way off."

"It's good-by, I thinks, 'an' then I
hears voices 'an' men runnin'. I
thinks if I kin hold up a minute long-
er I'm saved, but my strength was
gone. I tried to hold on, but it wasn't
any use, my fingers let go, and I sank."

"Down, down, down—for about a
foot. Then I stopped. My chest was
above water, and I could feel the mud
runnin' into my boots—"

"An' you wasn't drown'd," said the
gas man, in tones of deep disappoint-
ment.

"No."

"An' the water was only about four
feet deep?"

"I guess it was four feet and a half."

"An' you was hangin' there all the
time worryin' that smart boy, 'an'
howlin' like a Bowery barker—with
your toes 'bout touchin' bottom?"

"Yes."

"An' two or three gazabos to stand
'an' laugh at ye, by the time you
crawled out?"

"That's right," said the stereopticon
man, and his smile was becoming
deadly.

"Well, say," began the gas man,
"you're the worst—"

"Hold on!"

The gas man bit his last word in
two and stood with eyes and mouth
wide open.

"Pretty good story, hay?" demanded
the stereopticon man, with fire in his
eyes.

"On you—yes."

"The laugh's on me, ain't it?"

"I should say—"

"An' I didn't have no sense, eh?"

"Not a part—"

"An' the boy done jus' right to chase
cows, 'stead o' helpin' me out?"

"Well, I s'pose the boy knew—"

"An' I got all 'at was comin' t'me,
didn't I?"

"That's ri—"

"An' you don't have no sympathy for
a gazabo like me, do ye?"

"Not a bit. I—"

"An' you've had a good time thinkin'
what a lobster I was, hay?"

"You bet—"

"Well, now," howled the stereopticon
man, "I'm goin' t' lick the socks clear
off of you—"

And then they went together. It was
a beautiful fight. Ten minutes later
the stereopticon man was pinning up
a long tear in his trousers, but his face
was calm and unmoved. The gas man
was nursing two blackening eyes, car-
ressing a cut lip and trying to staunch
the blood which proceeded from a much
swollen nose.

"Jim," he said, "I'll take it back.
You ain't no bluff."

"That's right," said the stereopticon
man, "an' I kin swim. Can't I?"

"Sure," said the gas man. —N. Y. Sun.

AN INSINUATION.

An English clergyman, rather pom-
pous of manner, was fond of chatting
with a witty chimney-sweep.

Once, when the minister returned
from his summer holidays, he hap-
pened to meet his youthful acquaint-
ance, who seemed to have been at
work.

"Where have you been?" asked the
clergyman.

"Sweeping the chimneys at the vic-
arage," was the boy's answer.

"How many chimneys are there, and
how much do you get for each?" was
the next question.

The sweep said there were 20 chim-
neys, and that he was paid a shilling
apiece.

The clergyman, after thinking a
moment, looked at the sweep in ap-
parent astonishment. "You have
earned a great deal of money in a
little time," he remarked, solemnly,
wondering, probably, what the sooty
fellow would reply.

"Yes," said the sweep, throwing his
bag over his shoulder as he started
away, "we who wear black coats get
our money very easily!" —Spare Mo-
ments.

Hot Weather in Buenos Ayres.

Recently the thermometer registered
120 degrees Fahrenheit in the shade
nearly all day at Buenos Ayres. There
were 102 cases of sunstroke, of which
93 were fatal, and the next day there
were 219 cases, of which 134 were fatal.

Proven.

Dr. Sheldon's experience says the
St. Louis Republic should at least de-
stroy forever the popular conviction
that anybody can run a newspaper
better than the editor.

BOYS ARE EXPANSIONISTS.

Rebellion Caused at a Philadelphia
School by Action of Its
President.

The boys of the Isaiah Williamson
trade school, near Media, Pa., which
the late Isaiah V. Williamson estab-
lished, leaving for its erection and
maintenance nearly \$1,500,000, are
making strenuous efforts to have re-
tained as superintendent Lieut. Robert
Crawford, who recently resigned at
the request of President Shrigley. The
lieutenant is an officer of the United
States navy, and several times lately
clashed with the president upon ques-
tions relating to the war in the Philip-
pines, which the latter, being a mem-
ber of the Universal Peace union, and
an admirer of Edward Atkinson and
Alfred Love, condemns. The boys have
manifested their disapproval of the re-
moval of Lieut. Crawford by refusing
to attend classes, and the other day
they became further insubordinate by
erecting a flagpole and running up the
banner of the stars and stripes against
the order of the president, who is of
the opinion that the flying of the flag
during the progress of war may be
taken as an endorsement of the conflict.

The pole was erected about one
o'clock in the morning and from that
hour until daylight the boys stood
around singing patriotic airs. At six
o'clock they ran up the colors and went
back to their rooms.

President Shrigley has also stopped
drilling because it instills a warlike
spirit and has suppressed a debating
society because the war was discussed
and a weekly paper published by the
pupils because of an article commend-
ing the acquisition of Hawaii.

TALK OF SUBMARINE BOATS.

Question of Their Utility Discussed
in the British House of
Commons.

A question was asked in the house of
commons the other day as to the steps
taken by her majesty's government
with reference to submarine boats and
the American submarine boat Holland.

The first lord of the admiralty, George
J. Goschen, replied that the admiralty
had given attention to the subject.
But, he added, even if the practical
difficulties attending the use of
submarine boats could be overcome,
they must essentially remain a weapon
for maritime powers on the defensive,
"and it was natural that those nations
who anticipate holding that position
should endeavor to develop submarine
boats."

Mr. Goschen, continuing, said the
best method of meeting their attack
was receiving consideration, and in
this direction practical suggestions
would be valuable. Mr. Goschen then
said:

"It seems certain that a reply to this
weapon must be looked for in other di-
rections than in building submarine
boats ourselves, for clearly one sub-
marine boat cannot fight another."

IS NAMED AGUINALDO.

One of the New Monkeys in Central
Park Menagerie Becomes Identifi-
fied with the Famous Filipino.

One of the new monkeys in the Cen-
tral Park menagerie at New York
has been named Aguinaldo by the
clerks of the park commissioners' office.
The name was given to the
Simian because of the strong re-
semblance its head has to that of the
Philippine rebel chief, as appears in
his pictures shown in the newspapers.

The monkey's head is covered with
black hair, standing up pompadour
fashion, and parted slightly in the
middle. As he clutches the bars of
his cage and looks out at the visitors
his physiognomy is a striking likeness
to that of the Tagal leader.

MARKET REPORT.

Cincinnati, May 5.

CATTLE—Common .84 00 @ 4 40
Select butchers .50 00 @ 5 10
CALVES—Extras . . . @ 7 75
HOGS—Select packers 5 30 @ 5 35
Mixed packers . . . 5 10 @ 5 20
SHEEP—Choice . . . 4 40 @ 4 65
LAMBS—Extra . . . 6 50 @ 9 00
FLOUR—Spring pat. 3 65 @ 3 90
WHEAT—No. 2 red . . . @ 74 1/2
CORN—No. 2 mixed . . . @ 43
OATS—No. 2 mixed . . . @ 26
RYE—No. 2 . . . @ 61
HAY—Choice timothy . . . @ 15 25
MESS PORK . . . @ 12 35
LARD . . . @ 6 75
BUTTER—Ch. dairy . . . 12 1/2 @ 14
Choice creamery . . . @ 20
APPLES—Ch. to fancy . . . @ 4 50
POTATOES—Per brl. 1 35 @ 1 50
TOBACCO—New . . . 3 10 @ 15 75
Old . . . 1 05 @ 17 75

CHICAGO.

FLOUR—Win. patent 3 60 @ 3 70
WHEAT—No. 2 red . . . 70 @ 71
No. 3 spring . . . 60 @ 65 1/2
CORN—No. 2 . . . 39 1/4 @ 39 1/4
OATS—No. 2 . . . 23 3/4 @ 24
RYE—No. 2 . . . @ 54
PORK—Mess . . . 10 80 @ 11 85
LARD—Steam . . . 6 70 @ 6 82 1/2

NEW YORK.

FLOUR—Win. patent 3 65 @ 3 85
WHEAT—No. 2 red . . . @ 80 1/2
CORN—No. 2 mixed . . . @ 45 1/2
OATS—No. 2 mixed . . . @ 28
RYE . . . @ 60 1/2
PORK—Mess . . . 12 75 @ 13 25
LARD—Steam . . . @ 7 30

BALTIMORE.

FLOUR—Win. patent 3 65 @ 3 85
WHEAT—No. 2 red . . . @ 66 1/2
Southern . . . @ 72
CORN—No. 2 mixed . . . 43 1/4 @ 43 1/4
OATS—No. 2 mixed . . . 27 1/4 @ 28 1/4
CATTLE—First qual. 4 75 @ 5 10
HOGS—Western . . . 6 00 @ 6 10

INDIANAPOLIS.

WHEAT—No. 2 red . . . @ 71
CORN—No. 2 mixed . . . @ 39 1/4
OATS—No. 2 mixed . . . @ 26

LOUISVILLE.

FLOUR—Win. patent 4 25 @ 4 50
WHEAT—No. 2 red . . . 72 @ 73
CORN—Mixed . . . @ 43 1/2
OATS—Mixed . . . @ 27
PORK—Mess . . . @ 13 50
LARD—Steam . . . @ 7 25

WINCHESTER

Factory Loaded Shotgun Shells.

"LEADER" and "REPEATER" loaded with Smokeless
powder and "NEW RIVAL" loaded with Black powder.
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